SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

When things don't go to suit you
  And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
  But drive away that frown;
Since life is oft perplexing,
  'Tis much the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely
  And smile whene'er you can.

Why should you dread the morrow,
  And thus despoil today?
For when you borrow trouble
  You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim
  Which should be often preached—
Don't cross the bridge before you
  Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing
  If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
  Are always here combined.
There must be something wanting,
  And, though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your casket
  That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy
  You may have an empty purse—
And earth has many trials
  Which I consider worse—
But whether joy or sorrow
  Fill up your mortal span,
'Twill make your pathway brighter
  To smile whene'er you can.

The End of Claire's Story.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"Of all things!"

I jumped to my feet in amazement.

"Yes," she said gaily, "it's me"—Claire was never strong in grammar—"did you think it was my ghost? Jack's here, too, the dear boy. It's sort of a belated honeymoon, you know. We had to put it off till now. There he is—Jack! Jack!"

She called him in her sweet, shrill voice, very much as she might have been calling me if—if things had been different.

We were at Dunlop's. It was out of season, and who could have dreamed of seeing Claire Chittenden there? Why, bless you, I was there for the express purpose of not seeing her.

"Dunlop's," I had reasoned, "will be such a good place to forget Claire in," and so I went to Dunlop's. And here was Claire, as gay and bewitching as ever, honeymooning with Jack Chittenden under my very eyes! Tell me fate is not the superlative of cruel.

"He didn't hear me," murmured Claire. "I'm really and truly afraid Jack is a little deaf—dear boy! Don't they have cures—Keeley cures or something—where they cure deafness? I shall take Jack there. I'm not going to have to make love to him through an ear-trumpet!"

Under the gay raillery in her voice lurked actual concern. Claire Anthony-Chittenden (confound the last name) actually concerned! I looked at her again and this time noted the little matronly airs she assumed. They were certainly becoming to her.

"Why don't you give me your chair or get another or something so we can have a littlechatter like old times? I'll give you till Jack comes back. Wait!' She pulled my sleeve as I was starting away for another chair. "There they come! I want you to notice them—look!—those two ladies coming this way down the hotel steps. I can't get up a bit of curiosity about them in Jack—he says they're well enough and then forgets all about them. Do be interested in them to keep me company, Evan."

Of course when she called me "Evan" I was at her command.

The two women approached us and slowly passed. The elder one walked a trifle in advance of the other.

"She always does," commented Claire, reading my thoughts as easily as ever. "That's why I decided at first the young lady was a nurse or companion or something. But it's just the other way—the older lady's the nurse and mother, too. It's a very interesting story, as far as I've got, and I'd wager my best—well, second best, anyhow—bonnet that I've got it right so far. And now, just as I'm getting on so finely in it, Jack must start up and translate me overland to San Francisco. Isn't it a shame? We're going on the 11 o'clock tonight. Well, when you're married that's the end of you, you know."

She sighed charmingly. Her old merry laugh rippled through the sigh into gentle explosion.

"Is it?" I said, absently.

The two women were coming back toward us, and with unconscious rudeness I looked straight into their faces. Afterward, when Claire was safely out of the way, I remembered just how gentle and sad the young woman's face was, and even how something dark and fuzzy and soft around her neck accentuated the expression and brought into clear contrast the pale, perfect oval of her face.

"Yes, on the 11 o'clock tonight," Claire was running on. "Too bad! In two or three days more I'd have finished out the whole story to my satisfaction. Men never have any imagination."

I accepted the snub meekly for myself and Jack, too.

"But women have enough to lap over. So you're at your old tricks again? Do you keep right on making stories out of everybody you run against?"

"Well, I've made one out of those two ladies, anyhow, and it only lacks a chapter or two of completion. Oh, I'll tell you what! I've got an inspiration—you shall finish the story for me."

"Men have no imagination. I'm a m—"

"And next time I see you," she went on, regardless, "you shall tell me how it ends. There comes my Jack this minute. He doesn't look as if he missed me a bit!"

"When you've missed him so inconsolably! How are you, Chittenden? This poor wife of yours has missed you—"

"Jack, it's a fib. I haven't missed you a fraction, dear."

Later, when she went away, she said, remindingly: "It's a bargain, then?—about finishing the story, I mean."

And of course I accepted the task. It would give me something to do, and, besides, I hadn't got over my old habit of obeying Claire.

But it wasn't until the 11 o'clock was half-way to San Francisco that I remembered that Claire hadn't told me the beginning of the story. I must make my own beginning, then, as well as ending.

As chance would have it, on the very next afternoon an episode happened that helped me out a good deal. I had opportunity to do a trifling service for the elder of the two mysterious women, and after that the story-making was easy enough.

Mrs. Beebe was from the first such an assistance to me. Indeed, she very nearly took the entire task into her own hands or on the tip of her own loquacious tongue.

Mrs. Beebe was the older woman's name—Mrs. Joseph McIlvaine Beebe. Her daughter's name was old-fashioned and a little startling—Mary Ann. I don't know why it was, but from the beginning it pleased me that she did not shirr it into "Marianne," or slip an "ie" into the y's place and add an "e" to the name. I liked the old, ugly name. My mother's name was Mary Ann.

"It's for her grandmother, you know," Mrs. Beebe explained to me, "on her father's side. She left Mar' Ann all her money, and Mar' Ann will stick to the name just as it is. Horrible, isn't it? But I slide over it as fast as I can, and that helps out a little bit. Poor Mar' Ann!"

Mrs. Beebe invariably said "poor Mar' Ann" to close her remarks. And she always drew a long, quavery breath and wiped her eyes.

The daughter I came to know very slowly indeed. She was very quiet and followed her mother about with a gentle persistence that surprised me, that is, until Mrs. Beebe enlightened me.

"It's a _ _t of her—trouble," she said, mournfully. How well I grew to know that little dash of hesitancy before poor Mar' Ann's "trouble."

"It's the way it affects her. She can't bear to have me out of her sight an instant. She follows me about and clings to me so. It's very wearing, but I try to endure it—poor Mar' Ann!"

"Poor Mar' Ann!" I echoed, inwardly, glancing over at her as she sat a little apart from us. Her sweet, sad face was turned away, and her eyes, looking listlessly ahead, seemed to see nothing at all. There was very little to see at Dunlop's, anyway.

Mrs. Beebe's plaintive voice ran on in my ear uninterruptedly and unheeded, for I was looking at Mar' Ann. I was noticing the soft, clear tint of her face and how her fingers had a way of twining and untwining almost constantly. "Another sign of her—trouble," I thought, pityingly.

Why did not her mother lower her voice? Surely it hurt the poor girl to sit there and listen, listen, unless—but I refused to finish out that thought.

It was impossible. I could not look at her delicate, sensitive face and make myself believe the—trouble could mean that. The mind behind that face must be sensitive, sane, alert. A sudden fierce championship of Mar' Ann leaped into being. "Poor Mar' Ann!"

"Hush," I murmured, "she will hear you. It will hurt her."

The delicate color in the girl's face, I was sure, flamed up for an instant. But her mother laughed at my warning.

"Oh, you needn't worry about that," she said, her voice still unsoftened. "Mar' Ann never notices a word I say. She don't hear. She's perfectly satisfied just to have me close to her. That's why I don't feel as if I could shut her up away from me—in an asylum, you know."

"Mother!"

I started—the voice was so sweet and pleading.

"I want to go back now, mother," Mar' Ann said, gently.

But when they had gone a few steps Mrs. Beebe slipped back to me and prodded my arm sharply with her finger. Her face was quite excited and set.

"I—I don't know but I shall do it, though—soon," she said, in my ear. "I don't know but I'll have to. It's so wearing, you know—not being able to get away a minute alone. I guess she'll drive me to it—poor Mar' Ann!"

Then they went back to the hotel together. I sat there still, thinking of Mar' Ann all the afternoon—of Claire not at all. Somehow I was getting on famously at forgetting Claire. Dunlop's was just the place. I was even forgetting that it was Claire's story I was interpreting and not my own. If I had occasional conscience twinges and natural hesitancy at letting Mar' Ann's garrulous old mother let me into the sacredness of Mar' Ann's trouble, as she did, it was really of little avail in the end. For a day or two I tried to keep her at bay, but it was almost necessary to be rude to do it. She haunted me with her plaintive stories that ran on and on tirelessly.

She would talk to me, and it was always of Mar' Ann. Moreover, I convinced myself, when I thought of Claire at all, that I owed it to my promise to her to take honest advantage of all my opportunities. If it had seemed to annoy Mar' Ann—but Mar' Ann never appeared to notice me at all.

And so the days—and the story—went along. I thought I could hardly be better acquainted with two strange women than I grew in those days to be with Mrs. Beebe and her poor daughter. And if the pity in my heart for gentle Mar' Ann grew, as pity will, to love, no one was wiser in the least.

The day before I left Dunlop's something happened. I was going through the hall, by the Beebes' door, to my room. A sudden piteous cry coming, muffled, through the panels, woke me out of my thoughts—Mar' Ann's cry. Mar' Ann's hands were shaking the door.

"Let me out! Oh, for pity's sake open the door and let me out!" she pleaded. "I must get out! I must find mother! Mother—she has gone away! She locked me in! Oh, let me out, for the love of God!"

My heart leaped at the anguish in the sweet voice. I would let her out, anyway—nothing could have held me back. One of the keys on my bunch fitted, and I turned it quickly. Mar' Ann came out with a little leap and hurried away.

"Come," she called back to me, help me to find her. Oh, we must find her soon or I cannot bear it! Mother! Mother!"

I could hardly keep up with her swift steps. I could not bear to look at the pain in her white, frightened face.

We went toward the water. It was Mar' Ann's idea. When we found Mrs. Beebe she was standing on the edge of the little lake. The poise of her figure had nothing terrifying in it for me then—not until years afterward. But Mar' Ann sprang forward with a clear, piercing cry and caught her mother in her arms.

"Mother! Mother, I have found you! You will never leave me again? Say you will never leave me again, dear!"

That evening Mrs. Beebe volunteered to explain the exciting little episode to me, though against my will. She had quite recovered her customary calmness of manner and was inclined to feel grieved with Mar' Ann. Poor Mar' Ann! Her lips still quivered with excitement, and the frightened look was still in her eyes. I could hardly bear it.

"It's very wearing," her mother said. "You can see yourself how it is. I can't get away a minute for even a little walk alone. She follows me—through the key-hole I should think!"

Her shrill laugh made me angry in a helpless, dull way.

"I locked her in myself, and I did think I could have a minute's peace by myself," she lamented on, "but it's no use. There's only one way, and she'll drive me to that pretty soon."

I went away from Dunlop's the next day.

It was three years before I saw Claire again. Then I was married, too.

"You don't say so!" Claire cried, with a great pretence of dismay. "Well, you're like all the rest of the men—ugh!"

We had met in the city park, and she sat down on one of the benches and motioned me down beside her.

"Oh, she can wait," she said, calmly. "You're to tell me the end of the story, you know."

"The story?" I queried, though I knew very well what she meant. I could remember things as well as Claire.

"Of course. How did it end? Just as I knew it would, I suppose. The daughter, poor thing, got worse. Now, I just wonder if you ever saw them again? Did you?"

"I saw the daughter again."

"Oh, the daughter! Well, go on."

I flicked the crisp grass-stalks with my cane, thinking of the wet, dreary day I met Mar' Ann and the little, quick flash of pleasure in her eyes. How her sweet face had changed the day to a radiant one for me.

"Well, are you going on? If not, I am."

Claire's voice jarred me back to the present.

"Oh, yes, certainly," I apologized. "What shall I say?"

"Say it all, of course. What stupids men are! Tell me where you met her, when, how—everything. It was my story, and I want to know the end of it."

"No, I think it was my story," I said, gently, "but you shall know the end. I met her one day in the rain, almost three years after."

"Alone? No, of course not. Her mother wouldn't have left her alone a minute."

"Her mother was dead."

I watched Claire curiously.

"Her mother died in the asylum, you know. Mar' A—she told me about it. She said the poor woman got beyond her watching and care, and there was no other way. It wasn't safe to let her be unrestrained that way, with nobody but Mar'—with nobody but her daughter to take care of her. They were afraid she would—well, take her own life. She got very near it once. So she died in the asylum—poor woman! It almost broke her daughter's heart."

Neither of us spoke for a minute or two, then Claire drew in her breath with a little whistle of surprise and said, slowly:

"Well, whoever would have thought that was the end of the story?"

"It wasn't," I said, quietly. Then I fell to clipping off timothy heads again and remembering Mar' Ann and Mar' Ann's shy, gentle ways and the little, startled, happy look that came into her face when—but Claire was talking again.

"You fell in love with her—so that was the end?" she was saying.

"Well?"

"Well, of course, I might have known it would be. I hope you don't think that end surprised me, sir. It was the other one—the poor crazy mother. I hardly know how to believe it yet. Confess, now, you thought, too, it was the daughter instead. Say you did."

"I did."

"Of course you did. How could the daughter let people think so all that time? How could she?"

"We couldn't, you or I, Claire," I said, "but she could. It was to shield her mother—I suppose you would call it just love, that's all. There's someth n; somewhere in the Bible a little like it."

I got up then in undisguised hurry to go on.

If there was genuine emotion in Claire's vivacious face as I looked down into it—was there?—she shook it off instantly. She poked me with her parasol and cried, banteringly:

"Well, sir, I hope you've confessed it all to your wife; like a good boy."

"Bless you," I said, gaily, "I confessed in the same breath I proposed to her—when I met her in the rain, you know."—Woman's Home Companion.

STURGEONS IN COMMERCE.

Some of the Points of Singularity About the Fish.

A sturgeon is naturally an inhabitant of the large rivers and brackish water of the north temperate zone, more particularly of Europe and America, says the San Francisco Chronicle. The Sacramento, the San Joaquin, Russian River and the Columbia on the west and the Hudson and Delaware on the east are very favorable to its production in great quantities.

The importance of the fishery to San Francisco is shown by the amount brought into the market, in the first three months of last year, being 79,761 pounds.

This interesting and curious fish has many points of singularity. Its armed exterior skeleton seems to point to its being one of the few descendants of the ganoid or armor-plated fishes of the prehistoric ages. The position of the mouth is much the same as in the shark family, but its form and function is rather that of the remora, or sucker family. The flesh, too, is remarkable as being reddish and yellow and part white. English fishmongers call it "beef and veal." In that country it is usually cooked by baking with a stuffing of fine herbs.

There are several varieties of the sturgeon family, the sturgeon proper (accipenser sturio), the beluga and the sterlet being the principal, the two latter kinds belonging to the Russian waters.

Some twenty-five years ago there were millions of sturgeons in San Francisco bay and tributary waters, principally in the mouths of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, where they lay on the muddy bottom feeding on clams and bottom fishes. The Chinese, who have an inordinate fondness for gelatinous substances, such as isinglass, sea swallow nests, trepang, etc., imported from China a very deadly hook for capturing the sturgeon, which they caught solely for the marrow in its peculiar backbone. They stripped out the backbone and threw away the rest. Some of the backbones were sent to China, where isinglass is made from them and also a highly tenacious glue. The principal use, however, is for making gelatinous soup.

A man residing in Strafford, Vt., named one of his children Freedom because he was born on a Fourth of July, and another Blizzard because he first saw what light there was on March 12, 1888.

INNOCENCE.

She took a fragile flower from a bunch
  against her breast,
  Sweet little maiden that she was;
Its petals for a moment at her ripe, red lips
  were pressed,
  Dainty little maiden that she was!
Then she bade me sweet "good day,"
Threw the scented bud away,
And I watched it where it lay,
  Pretty little maiden that she was!

I knelt beside the flower where it lay upon
  the floor—
  Tender little maiden that she was;
I fondly pressed it to my lips, as she had
  done before—
  Darling little maiden that she was.
And then, turning suddenly,
At the corner I could see
Her slyly watching me—
  Cunning little maiden that she was.
—Cleveland Leader.

HUMOROUS.

If we ever invent anything it will be a salt cellar that always has salt in it.

She—Woman's mind is cleaner than that of man. He—Certainly. She changes it oftener.

"I hope we'll have that Miss Smartwood for teacher next year." "Why do you like her so much, Bobbie?" "'Cause she's so sickly."

Mr. Hiland—I see that many Klondike miners have got enough and are returning. Mr. Halket—Enough gold? Mr. Hiland—No; enough experience.

"I fear," said the tutor, "that you are not up on mathematics." "No," candidly confessed the scion of the plutocratic house. "I am down on 'em."

"A woman," remarked the observer of men and things, "is often a contradiction on the face of her; she can't possibly be as old and as innocent as as she looks."

Hungry Higgins—I wouldn't mind goin' to Klondike, if it wasn't fer havin' to dig out the gold. Weary Watkins—That ain't the worst of it; it has to be washed after it is dug.

Nell—I don't suppose the girl who married Jack Rappidde will ever have another idle moment as long as she lives. Belle—Why, dear? Nell—She says she married him to reform him.

"And how do you like living in a tent? Find it as free and easy as you thought?" "Oh, quite! The rain comes in at the top, the wind at the bottom, and the flies and mosquitoes all over."

Jenny Gay—Why, Nellie! Back from the seashore? And just covered with freckles! I declare, you are a perfect show. Nell Flypp (exhibiting engagement rings)—Yes, and a three-ringed show at that.

"You're not going to the Klondike region, are you?" "No." "Don't like the climate?" "It isn't the climate. It's the surface conditions. There are too many mountain passes and no railway passes."

"I found out the cost of those roses," said the girl with the real blonde hair, "but I can't say that the information has done me any good." "No?" said the other girl. "No; not a bit. If at that price they were more than he could afford, there is no use to think of marrying him, and if they were not more than he could afford, he does not love me."

Little Girl—Mrs. Brown, ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs. She wants to put 'em under a hen. Neighbor—So you've got a hen setting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens. Little Girl—No, ma'am, we don't, but Mrs. Smith's goin' to lend us a hen that's goin' to set, and ma thought if you'd lend us some eggs we'd find a nest ourselves.

Real Courage.

All men have their own ideas of what constitutes courage. I believe our firemen and some of our policemen are as heroic men as ever breathed, but instances of true courage are rare. The policeman is too often the mere active principle of his uniform and shield, his club and revolver. Firemen fight fire as ordinary persons fight flies. It is second nature. They brave danger so continually that it becomes mere routine, utterly devoid of excitement. A brave man is he who, seeing a fellow creature in the grasp of death, goes to the rescue. Those who brave the undertow to save a drowning person, who enter a yellow fever or cholera-ravaged district to nurse the helpless victims of either dread disease, who throw themselves in front of a trolley car to rescue a child from the very jaws of death—they are the brave people. Bravery, my brethren, is homely. It does not lie in spectacular performances and theatrical stunts. One of the bravest acts of recent days occurred on the Brooklyn bridge, when a man volunteered to be let down by a rope to the bottom of the tower well to get the dead body of his companion. The gases were killing, and the deed nearly cost him his life. There's no medal for such as he.—New York Sun.

No Poetry in Him.

"Dad," said the romantic youngsten, "this here's the season when the poets write purty things about 'autumn's gold,' an' make songs 'bout the skies an' the leaves."

"I know it, Jimmie," replied the old man. "Now, run out an' cut a cord o' wood, an' fetch in some lightwood knots!"—Atlanta Journal.